Volume XII Chicago, Ill., January, 1936 Number 10

# The Liberalist

## *New Year Prayer*

I pray the New Year spare these things to me:
The olden faiths; the shining loyalty
Of friends the long and searching years have proved—
The glowing hearthfires, and the books I loved;
All wonted kindnesses and welcoming—
All sure, hard-trodden paths to which I cling.

Oh, young New Year—glad with the thrill of spring—
Leave me the ways that were my comforting!

—Laura Simmons.

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# THE LIBERALIST

Preston Bradley ..... Editor
Grace Thayer Bradley ..... Associate Editor

Volume XII Chicago, Ill., January, 1936 Number 10

# IMPORTANT ANNOUNCEMENT

**You Are Most Heartily Invited to Attend the**

***TWENTY-FOURTH ANNUAL DINNER***

**(Informal)**

of

***The Peoples Church of Chicago***
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on

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**6:30 p. m. Sharp**

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## *MEDITATION*

"Pausing for a moment in the stillness and the beauty of this opportunity whereby we can bring ourselves under complete subjection to every motif that will inspire and uplift, we may find it difficult, life, life has an infinite capacity to retard the fine flowering of the spirit. The world is so much with us, so much a part of us, so many of us are trying to find the answer to the difficulties and the confusion of life in those manners and in those ways that only add to the difficulty rather than solve it. O, if there were some way, in our feeling of utter helplessness when we see the vision so clearly, if there were only some way by which these multitudes of human hearts that are so unhappy, so insecure and in such turmoil and chaos, could only be made to see,

if they would only give us the opportunity of demonstrating that life, in its highest unity, will never be the beautiful experience that it might be as long as they are trying to find their solution their answer, in things that only add confusion to confusion and discord to discord.

Infinite Heart, our only desire is to be a channel by which such lives might find the higher altitudes of life. It is our only real reason for living ourselves, and as we approach this season which will be the coronation of peace and goodwill as theories, might we see some way in which these theories may be made operative and objective in human experience. So when people are chasing up and down the highways of the world, every will-o'-the-wisp, every inspiration, trying to find adjustment with life in the utilization of those things that destroy life, trying to run away from life and burying themselves in intoxication and stimulus and in self deception.

Infinite and eternal and mighty Power, might there be some way in which we might help these people? If they will not give us the opportunity, wilt Thou find the way, create one? They are so blind and so self-centered and so self-confident and so self- assured that self is killing them and ruining them, and the great power and the beauty of life, which might be theirs, never will be because they are inflicting suicide upon themselves. We see it all about us, everywhere, every day, every hour, and if there is one here this day, or one listening, just one that shall find the highway to the stars because of this service, we shall be glad! So, let the blessing of love, on this dark, dismal, gloomy, rainy and foggy day, when, if we were to experience the reality of the elements we would say "There is no sun, the sky is weeping and the clouds are hanging heavy over life,' but we know that that is not true, and so, to every Heart, every Life, ill, tired, sick, weary and anxious, may they pause just for a moment now, stop the turmoil of their lives, stop the confusion of their minds, may we pause, all of us, quietly just a moment and give the Infinite an opportunity for life."

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## *"HOW TO MAKE ADJUSTMENTS"*

**Sermon by Dr. Preston Bradley, Pastor of The Peoples Church of Chicago, December 8th, 1935**

"I suppose there is no sadder experience which one can have, who is trying to help people and who is trying to be an inspiration to others and to bring what value one can find in their own experiences and then restate them or reinterpret them for those who are passing through similar difficulties and anxieties, as the consciousness of the lack of opportunity in order to get one's thought and one's message to those that you know and really feel are vitally in need of it.

I think of that in connection with my own work and experience all the time. I do not assume to be dogmatic about any philosophy or technique which I may have discovered or found to help people to a fuller realization of life's richness. I am quite sure that I am tremendously indebted to all of those who have preceded me in the life of this entire work of trying to help people. It is not because I, myself, feel that I have made or found any particular, distinctive tech-

nique that I can submit to people to help them, but I do feel so today. First, that my philosophy in regard to these matters is valid. I think it will stand up under any treatment of those who have unimpeachable scholarship in the field of psychology, and I have tried to give it that touch of emphasis required by the undisputed experience of life, for we never can eliminate the necessity of an experience of that character to assist us in the solution of our problems. But it seems, sometimes, so inadequate, and I am utterly unable to do that which I try to do and that which is my purpose in the efforts that I am making, because there are so many people who don't feel any need of it at all, and who do not manifest any interest no matter how penetrating one might try to be, and no matter how inspiring one might try to be, until sometimes the neglect on the part of the people that you know you could help, you don't have any doubt about it, you know it, you know that you can help them, and they never give you the opportunity, they never present you with the privilege. You look at them and you see how self-centered they are, how self-satisfied they are, how the whole self-circumference of their life circumscribes a few paltry individual interests, and you see how they are self-deceiving themselves by emphasizing the very things which are disastrous, and you see how sick and tired they are, they are cursed with their own failures, and what is still more tragic, cursed by their own self-inflicted blindness, so much so that they try to find an answer to their problems in some sort of an abandonment of reality and we find them running to alcohol and drink, and going to the extent whereby they feel that even the physiological and psychological impulses that always takes place in the experience of alcohol is in itself an influence for self abandonment. The next step taken is self-mutilation in the individual's efforts to escape reality, with the result that you stand at your little window of the world, as I stand, and look out at this passing show and see humanity in a multiplicity of ways and a variety of opportunities trying to find escape, trying to inflict self-intoxication that shall give a distorted sense of values and interrupt our capacity to properly place emphasis, which is the beginning of all tragedy.

So I look out upon humanity with great sympathy and I covet the opportunity to help them. Every time I see an empty seat in my church I wonder what I have been thinking or doing that I have failed someone and they do not feel it of sufficient importance or interest to even expose themselves to the opportunity of remedy, and I take every such condition as a direct slap in the face. In a great city of four and a half millions of people, where every time you pick up your morning paper you read the tragedies of people who could not make adjustments with life, who could not come to terms, who were unable to bring everything which they themselves had to the equation and find an answer! They were utterly inadequate and wholly incompetent to come to terms with life, so it is a revolver, a little vial of poison, jumping out of windows, burying its identity in the great mass of humanity, RUNNING AWAY FROM LIFE! RUNNING AWAY FROM REALITY! Why do they run? Why do they attempt to saturate themselves with this self-infliction that destroys a sensitiveness of reality? Every important philosopher that I have read in the past twenty-five years has hammered away at one problem of philosophy. Ladies and gentlemen, the final and the greatest and the most universal problem

of philosophy is this problem of reality! Ask any authoritative philosopher thinking or writing today, go back into the ancient philosophies of the past, they will tell you that that is true, and that still is our great problem, it is still your problem, it is still my problem. Here we are in a world and in a city of such utter confusion! Here we are beginning to experience one of the greatest spiritual realizations that can ever come to a human heart, namely: the evidence, in the birth of the spirit of Love, that it has eternal qualities of projection, that's Christmas, and many of us are going to enter into that spirit so tired, so weary and frazzled, our emotions almost decadent, an utter impossibility of experiencing the thrill and the newness of that which we find in the heart of the child's first Christmas. Do you remember your first Christmas, when it really was an experience to you, before life had so dulled and leadened and sharpened and polished and pulverized, and all the other platitudinous relationships that could be intimated, that have destroyed the freshness and beauty which is the spirit of the Holiday season?

Think of the hundreds and thousands of men and women behind the counters of the stores of the nation that Christmas day will just be another day of horor and recuperation! Think of the thousands that will be so delayed in their preparations for the expression of the festivities that they will come into it with a rush and turmoil and lose its beauty and poise entirely. Don't you realize that we cannot experience the real, real experience of the period into which we are entering without adequate preparation of adjustment?

And so, I covet it, I cannot tell you how I covet it, I cannot even express it to you, I cannot make it articulate, the fundamental love which I have toward people who are in trouble and who are in difficulty and no opportunity to help them at all. I ride with them on the busses, I walk the streets and look into the faces of people in automobiles as they pass, I stroll with the crowd in the streets of the loop, I see faces, faces, faces, faces lined with tragedy and sorrow, faces maps of abuses and mutilation, faces warped and bloated by sin and dissipation, faces, faces rushing headlong into the maelstrom of life, into inevitable tragedy! I look at them and I say to myself: 'O, why can't I go and speak to that person! I know exactly what they are doing! I know exactly how they are dissipating energies! I know exactly how they are creating false emphases! I know exactly how they are wasting vitality! I know exactly how they are crushing the very essence that creates personality! I know what that life is doing, I can see its envy, jealousy, hatred, anger, its unkindness, tearing away at its soul, and I have no way to help them! They will not come into the church, religion has lost any power upon their lives. They laugh at the clergy and the priest, the rabbi, the minister, to be religious is to be an old fogy. What has the church to offer to a storm tossed soul? So they never come to church, and when they tune in on the radio, they hear a man speaking and he is only another voice and with their own little prejudices or whims when they hear something that might awaken within them a sense of reality only awakens within them a criticism and they never wait for the opportunity to help. You see, they are so self-centered, they are so certain that they have found a way, and they have not found a way at all. Do you know where they are? They are in a blind alley, a blind alley! The countless thousands of the world, they are in the blind alleys of our modern life! That's

why I prepared this Sunday morning series for December. That's what I had in my heart this morning! One or two things about how we who are trying to make life an experience of triumph and victory, how we who really, really realize that we have been given a precious privilege, what can that person think about life who cannot find anything in it of value and who is always trying to run away from it, who is trying to forget themselves and their problem and their difficulty and forget everything? They, who, through artificial stimuli of some sort or another running away from life! Hear me! no individual, **no individual who has a recognition of what it means to live, to have been privileged human existence, to have been given a body, a brain, a heart, to live, live life, no one can ever have that dawn upon them and ever treat life shabbily again! One glimpse at that vision and you are transformed!** One simple experience of that kind and life is never the same again! Don't you believe for one solitary second that the old idea of conversion, as we find it expressed in the changed life of religion, is merely foolishness, it is psychologically sound! If I could bring to an individual here or listening this morning just a little flash of that experience of what it would mean to get a glimpse, a real gimpse of the sacred entrustment of life, you never would waste another hour of it! You never would let another second go by wasted! You never would hurt your body again! You never would mutilate your mind! You never would hate, you never could be unkind! **To be alive, to live, to have an apportunity of beauty, and goodness, and truth! To have friends! To know love and have it beautiful and pure, to have little children, to be respected, to be honored! O, life, so beautiful, and there are thousands who don't believe it!**

The reason I know they don't believe it is because I know how they live. You could not live like that and believe what I have just said, you could not do it, it would be impossible! You would feel such a hypocrite, liar and thief that you had destroyed life, you had taken these precious moments that constitute time that we call eternity, and taken these moments and hours and had abused and torn and crushed life! You could not do that if you could get a glimpse, you would make the adjustment to the higher reality of life so quickly by self surrender, by restitution, by a sense of the atonements, that at-one-ment that would place your soul in direct relationship with the Oversoul of life, then you would suddenly become horor stricken and be driven to a remorse if you continued such disintegrating character, of a remorse that you are helping to kill God, a remorse that you were helping to kill God! You have been privileged life, and live it like you are living it, throwing it away for an hour, trading it for a debauch, squandering an eternity for one moment! O, the glimpse of life in terms of its reality!

I look out upon the world and see thousands doing it, they laugh at men like me, they make fun of the church, their brains have been dulled, their hearts have been seared and they are calloused. They are to be pitied. Pity is the word, not hate, pity. I go into the cafes and restaurants sometimes and I see them there damning their bodies and souls, bodies and souls, then they enter an automobile and whirl down the highway with their reflexes all out of proportion so that they cannot judge distance, speed, light, every reflex out of balance, because their bodies are out of balance when these reflexes are out of balance. I see them try to pass that car yonder, and under the inspiration of a false standard of ability, due to

the disturbed voice of the reflex, they pass and smash, a grating of brakes, and gone! I pick them up, a bleeding little girl of nineteen with her face smashed, and a boy of twenty-one, when the excretions of his own illness stilled in horrible tragedy ooze out of his mouth with blood mingled with its filth. There I see two beautiful lives of youth broken, wasted, dead, while innocent members of their families who dreamed and loved them and who thought that some day they too would be honored and loved, and I bring home and put into that mother's arms the dead body of her dreams that could not make adjustment with life. They were running away from reality. God, what a world, what a world, what a world!

Come with me any one of these six days between these Sundays and walk life with me. You think this service is a Sunday morning sermon, you see me stand without a note or a scrap of paper, and out of my heart and life try to help you. It looks easy to you, you accept me, you come here and I close my eyes and envisage my friends of the radio just the same, O, but come with me to the highway of life in the week, and if you will, you will find where these sermons come from, and you will find why I am trying to give body and soul and mind and the best I have to help a humanity that I see smashing up. It is smashing up! You folks have got to do something about these matters, and you have got to do it soon in this individual conflict of life. Every city in the United States of over two-hundred and fifty thousand is having an increase of insanity that is startling. In spite of all we know about our bodies and in spite of all we know about psychiatry and psychology, religion, in the congested areas of the United States people are going mad, Mad, MAD! The asylums are crowded and crammed and filled with people who have lost the way because they did not know where to place the emphasis, because they had lost the art of adjustment, lost the way.

That we have to make adjustments, who can deny? There isn't a life here today that is not at the task twenty-four hours of the time. We are born with that necessity of adjustment. We come into the world as a little child, we do not even know the language, we come into a society already formulated and the first thing that we have to do is to adjust curselves to the social heritages of seventy million years of human evolution. Life is nothing but adjustment and we are constantly facing the difficulty of adjustment.

Ladies and gentlemen, there are some adjustments that we never can make. There are individuals and experiences that we simply can do nothing with except accept. That is the only thing to do with some of them, accept them! There are family conditions that many people have that are frightfully disturbing to them as individuals and they know that there is need of certain adjustments in order to maintain poise, peace and beauty in that family, and there may be individual members of that family unable to see with any degree of clarity into the picture of the problem and it is utterly impossible for a member of that family to see it. They mean well, they are well, but they cannot see the difficulty, and in many a family there is a great necessity, a real need of simply accepting a condition. There is no adjustment that can be made, we must accept it.

Then there are others who have been unable to face these problems of adjustment, who do so with the idea that one simple mal-adjustment means the wreckage of the entire life. That is not true at all. There are experiences that we have to face in our lives that only cover certain areas of our lives and you have no right

to permit that experience to defeat or deflate or deflect from the entire ensemble of your life! Supposing I have one bitter experience with an individual, is that going to embitter me with all individuals? I can adjust myself to all other relationships! Supposing that I have lost position, income, security, is that going to so color the entire area of my life that many of the other influences that touch my life beautifully are going to be disturbed? Not at all! I am not going to permit, neither must you, one single, solitary experience of life that represents mal-adjustment to wreck the entire fabric of your life! Don't do that, it is not necessary. If I had one friend that turned traitor and created for me an experience which means suffering and sorrow, I have had a hundred friends that remained loyal, and the one friend that compelled my adjustment and readjustment of life toward him or her cannot possibly wreck my entire circle of friendships! There are so many lives that become perfectly demoralized because of some one influence of life.

Yesterday, a talented and beautiful young lady in the theater shot herself in Hollywood. Everything in the world to live for, everything, but she killed herself and the only explanation which she could give was 'I failed to get a certain contract for acting that I wanted,' and that single, solitary one experience covered the entire area of her life, and she let one experience bring death to herself and sorrow to her loved ones. Perfectly ridiculous! Perfectly absurd, for no one experience is of sufficient power to destroy the entire potentiality of our life. One is not enough.

I wish that truth could be more objectively realized by people in this age when people are becoming so nervously unbalanced and chaotic, expressing themselves in a variety of relationships. I wish they could see that all this ability to make adjustments with these conditions of life is in reality a beautiful experience. I know thousands of them, I could give you illustrations all day of men and women that have been so enheartening to me in their ability. I am thinking now of a man that in 1929 could have written this church a check for $50,000 as easily as I could write one for $5.00, and perhaps a little easier, and never felt it at all, a man, if I were to mention his name would immediately be recognized by you. That man came to me the other day and said: 'Do you know that everything is gone? There is nothing left, they have cleaned me completely out. It has been coming on for the past four or five years, but it has happened completely in the past two weeks.' I never saw a man with a better spirit in my life, and I said to him: 'What is the secret of this, you say you have lost everything?' 'I have lost everything? No, Doctor Bradley, I have not lost anything except money. I still have the fine culture that was privileged me in the opportunities I had in my education, I still have my memories and I still have my books, I still consort with the best minds of the ages, I still have friends in music, poetry and the other arts,' he is a man of great culture, and he continued, 'do you know that I am just beginning to realize what real culture really is? I have not had much time in the past thirty years of my life to really experience the joy of true culture. I am spending two or three hours every afternoon in the Chicago Public Library. I am reading a lot of things that I haven't read in a long time and new ones too. I have a part time job in the morning, I am soliciting business for a laundry. I picked up a little job in the morning but I have all the afternoon and evening to myself.' I looked at him and I said: 'You learned how to make adjust-

ments, didn't you? He said to me: 'Do you think the loss of my money is going to destroy my life? Never! NEVER!' God! what an achievement!

I know another boy that has spent several years of his life behind iron bars of a jail. You couldn't get his name out of my lips for a thousand dollars. That boy is going to have his first Christmas in a long time with his darling little mother, and that boy has come out of jail facing the inevitable tragedy of a comeback, but with his shoulders back and his head up and a smile on his face. He is going out into this world and do the job. He has learned how to make an adjustment of life! Don't demoralize yourselves by your incompetency to make these adjustments.

Finally, the only classic and beautiful example that I do know is in the realm of those people that almost come under the classification of my first intimation this morning, who, because of some physical condition and disability have to play the game of life with a handicap. There is nothing you can do about that. There is only one thing you can, and that is, accept it and utilize it as an opportunity for the complete assimilation of the best there is in life. I know, I am thinking now while I speak, of Arthur Pearson, born in 1866, died in 1921. When he was a young man twenty-one years old, the best eye specialist of London, England told him that by the time he was 45 he would be blind, and there was nothing he could do about it. He gradually experienced the tragedy of failing eyesight until, in his 46th year he was told that he had seven more months of daylight, and there was nothing that could be done about it. At 47, Arthur Pearson was blind, stone blind. The war came on and some of the British soldiers were sent back to London blinded. One day Arthur Pearson was sent for by the surgeon who told him: 'We have jus had to tell a young man bac from the trenches in France tha he will never see again and h has gone into hysteria, complet hysteria. Come and talk to him Arthur Pearson went to the hos pital, sat down beside that ma and said: 'Look here, old chap, am blind too, stone blind, I can not see you. I had my eyesigh until a few months ago, but loo here, we are not going to let thi thing ruin us, are we? Life wil still hold enrichment and beauty Let's find it, old top. Let's buc up, we have got to fix it!' A flas dawned in the heart and mind o Arthur Pearson and he said 'Perhaps I have found my work He had, for over 1700 Britis boys who came from the fields o Flanders blinded, came under th influence of Arthur Pearson as result of the great achievemen of adjustment which he himsel had made in his life when he be came blind. When he died i 1921, an entire nation honore the blind Arthur Pearson. H learned how to adjust himself t life.

In that classical, lovely, beauti ful story which I read you thi morning, do you remember th secret which the Master-Teache gave to us all when that youn man, of whom he became ver fond, said to him: 'What shall do?' and the Master said: 'Kee the commandments.' 'But I hav kept them all.' 'Aye, but there i one, sell all thou hast and give t the poor.' Was that a statemen of an economic law by the Mas ter? Not at all, that would be th silliest thing for everyone to do for all that would be accomplish ed would be that the now rich would become poor and the poo become rich and nobody ha solved anything. Was that sim ply a statement of Jesus for gen eral economics? Jesus knew master analyst, soul surgeon tha he was, Jesus knew that the on thing in that particular boy's lif that was preventing his adjust

ment was that he thought more of his wealth than anything else in the world, therefore, because it was that thing that he thought most of, it was that thing that he had to surrender, that was his problem, wealth. What is yours? Envy? Jealousy? Wealth too, perhaps? Social position? Fame? What is the sore spot of my life and yours that the Master can touch? Well, my friends if we are big enough and courageous enough and strong enough, when we find that spot and permit it to be touched, recovery, recovery and life will become beautiful, fine!

I am going to take time to read you something that I read often. I read it often, I read it when I get to feeling, as I have been feeling lately, that it is pretty hard. People who do not want to be helped and who will never give me an opportunity even to talk about adjustments of life. You remember Captain Robert B. Scott, who made that great journey to the Antarctic, he found the pole. He did not know that he had found it a month after Amundsen, but he found it, and one of the last two letters that he wrote, one to the mother of one of the men with him and the other to Sir James M. Barrie, I think it is one of the greatest human documents in the English language. Scott had youth, everything, down in that Antarctic waste, dying, starving, and he was so perfectly adjusted a personality, so perfectly adjusted that a few hours before he froze and starved to death he could write this to Sir James M. Barrie: 'My dear Barrie: We are passing out in a very forlorn spot. Hope this letter may be found and sent to you. I write a word of farewell. We are showing that Englishmen can still die with a beautiful spirit, fighting it out to the end. It will be known that we have accomplished our object in reaching the pole and that we have done everything possible even to sacrificing ourselves in order to save sick companions. Goodbye, I am not at all afraid of the end, but sad to miss many a humble pleasure which I had planned for the future. In our long marches I may not have proven a great explorer, but we have been doing the greatest march ever made and have come very near to a great success. Goodbye, my dear friend Barrie. We are very near the end, but have not and will not lose our good cheer. We have had four days of storm in our tent and nowhere is there any food or fuel. We did intend to finish ourselves when things proved like this, but we have decided to die naturally in the track.' He had made an adjustment with life."

## THE YULETIDE IN THE PEOPLES CHURCH

**By Preston Bradley**

The friends and members of the church, the trustees, officers of the various organizations, the pastor, and the church school all begin their preparation for the joy and beauty of the Christmas season many weeks before the time of the celebration. By doing this very wise thing the church enters the season itself with the hearts and minds of the people attuned to a realization of the significance of the Christmas season. Early in November the children of the school and the choir are already at work with their contribution of music, story and play. Almost at the same time the Uptown Players of the church begin their work on casting and rehearsing of the Christmas Play. As the time drew near the spirit of the entire church was in harmony with the truths and beauty of the Yuletide. Harmony, good will and co-operation prevailed throughout the entire church life. It was most heartening and inspiring to me. I felt early in the fall that we were preparing for the finest Christmas the church had ever known. It was to be my

24th Christmas with the church I love so dearly and I was not disappointed in the joy, happiness and appreciation which the season brought. Only by a long and careful planning on the part of all can we really sound the depths of the Christmas message or adequately receive its blessing.

Our observance of the season began with the annual Christmas Party given by the children and teachers of the church school on the evening of December 20th, in Channing Hall. As always this was a great event for parents teachers, children and friends. The hall was overcrowded with a smiling happy throng. The program was excellent and the talent of our children was plainly seen in a variety of songs, recitations, and a Christmas Play. Of course, Santa Claus was the honored guest and disappointed no one with his graciousness and gifts. The success of the evening was a fine tribute to the superintendent and his fine staff of assistants. Our church school meets every Sunday morning. There are classes for all ages taught by competent teachers The school has an enrollment which is the largest it has ever known.

On Sunday, December 22nd, the church in two beautiful services began the observances which lasted through the holiday season. The weather in Chicago on Christmas Sunday was cold and dismal. This condition did not prevent a fine congregation nor chill the warmth of the hearts of the people. It was a joy to preach in the atmosphere of the services. The moment I entered the pulpit I could feel the attitude of the congregation. They were expectant, bouyant and happy. The floral decorations, the white pulpit coverings, the music and the pleasant faces all created a unity of spirit which brought happiness and inspiration to my heart.

In the evening we held our annual candlelight service which is always the most beautiful service of the entire church year. The church school, the Young Peoples Club, the choir and the Uptown Players always assist in this traditional and magnificent service. The service was announced for 7:30 o'clock, but an hour before, the auditorium was filled. Hundreds were turned away unable to find seats. It was the most beautiful and successful we have ever presented. The Uptown Players presented a most unusual one act play—Venite Adoremus—which was directed by J. Bradley-Griffin. The cast was almost faultless. The new lighting effects greatly enhanced the effectiveness of the production. The costuming was historically accurate and the acting could not possibly be called amateurish by even the most exacting critic. I do not remember a Christmas Play which received more compliments or was more enthusiastically received. From the moment of the first notes of the processional which introduced the lovely candlelight procession of our children from the church school who walked down the aisles carrying lighted candles in to the dark bed auditorium, to the closing words of the final moment it was an experience never to be forgotten by those who were privileged to be present. So great was the response to this service and so many people were unable to find seats for the Sunday evening service that the entire service was repeated before a large congregation on the next evening.

On Christmas Day at 10:45 a. m. the church held its annual Christmas service. The weather was cheerless and quite cold, but the congregation was large and responsive. I spoke on "Christmas, Then and Now" and have rarely felt more in the Christmas mood. It was a triumphant experience. Being a non-liturgical church we do not emphasize some aspects of the Christmas theology which other churches do but the reality which

is Christmas is fundamentally the same. The truth of Christmas is far beyond the limitations of creeds and churches. We share with all the sublime significance of the season. Peace, good-will and thoughtfulness of others do not belong in the category of isms and creeds.

After the service I stood for an hour in front of the pulpit steps greeting the members of the congregation who gave me the privilege. Their expressions of appreciation and best wishes for a happy day greatly added to the spirit of the day. As I left the church I felt, as I have often expressed, my great happiness that my life's work was found among such a kindly and goodly people. After our Christmas dinner at home we spent the rest of the day and evening opening some of the more than a thousand Christmas cards which had come from friends in the church and our radio congregation. To be remembered by these expressions of love brought cheer to our hearts. A Christmas Card has a message which never is found in any other expression. To suddenly come upon a card from someone whom you had thought had forgotten and no longer cared is unforgettable.

Now that the season has passed and 1936 is already on its way my most ardent desire is to preserve the spirit of Christmas in my heart and life all through the year. If we all could do that what a different world it would be!

The Woman's Club, the Young Peoples Club, the Usher's Club, the church school, the Junior Woman's Club and the choir all held various parties during the holidays and all, were highly successful. It was a happy time and an encouraging experience for our entire church and best of all through the co-operation and kindness of friends of the church we were able to give 500 people a Christmas Dinner on Christmas Day.

Christmas, 1935, in the Peoples Church of Chicago, has taken its place in the roster of memory. We now face the challenge of the New Year!

## DO YOU LIKE FLOWERS?

Someone has said that "if stars are the poetry of the sky, flowers are the poetry of earth." This is true for wherever they are they bring beauty and love. Nothing adds more to the spirit of the church services than the presence of flowers on the platform. This is an invitation to every member and friend of the church and radio listener to help the church have flowers at every service. If you will kindly call the church office or write to the church secretary that you will furnish the flowers for one Sunday it will be very much appreciated.

The flowers may be ordered from your own florist who will make delivery to the church no matter where you live.

Your name as the donor will be published on the church calendar. You may designate the destination of your floral offering. After the services the flowers are usually sent to some one who is ill either in their own home or at a hospital. If you desire the church will send them to anyone whom you may desire. Will you assist us in this effort? The floral gift need not be large. Many prefer to give the flowers in memory of some loved one or friend. This too, is published on the church calendar. May we hear from you. It will help.

## DR. BRADLEY'S BOOKS

The ideas and philosophy of our pastor which he has been giving over a number of years in his lectures throughout the country, have been incorporated in two books which he has recently published.

Last year he wrote his first book, "Courage For Today." The

response to this book was beyond all expectations. It was published just before the holidays last year and has sold steadily throughout the year. Last summer he did another book called "Mastering Fear," which was published early in October. The reception of the second book continued the success of the first. Both books are published by Bobbs Merrill Co., Indianapolis, Indiana and New York. They are on sale in any book store in the United States, and sell for $1.50 each. If you would be interested in purchasing the books any book store will gladly accommodate you. If you cannot purchase from a book store you may order direct from the publishers. If you purchase the books in Chicago at the stores or department store book shop, arrangements can be made to have them autographed. Dr. Bradley is now working on a novel which will be published next year.

M. A. H.

## WEDNESDAY BOOK LECTURES

Dr. Bradley is presenting his fourth season of Book Lectures given on each Wednesday evening at 8:00 o'clock in the main auditorium of the church. The audiences have numbered from 875 (the smallest) to 1800 (the largest) during the present season. The size of the audience is determined by the title of the book discussed. They are the most largely attended book lectures in this country. The lectures are all free and are attended by people of many creeds, faiths and races from all over the metropolitan area. The following books will be discussed during the month of February:

February 5th—"Man, the Unknown," by Dr. Alexis Carrel.

February 12th—"The DuPont Dynasty," by John K. Winkler.

February 19th—"Jane Addams —A Biography," by James Weber Linn.

February 26th—"The Exile," by Pearl S. Buck.

Many university and college students are attending. The lectures are also interesting many teachers and librarians. The lectures are reported stenigraphically.

## BRING YOUR CHILDREN TO CHURCH

Sometimes parents remain away from the church services because there are small children in the family too young to bring to the church services. The Church School which meets every Sunday morning at 9:45, maintains a fine kindergarten teacher who takes care of the smaller children during the time of the church service in the main auditorium. Parents are invited to bring their children to the church at the regular church hour. The children will be properly cared for during the service by our teacher, Miss Gladys Wickstrom. The kindergarten Room is located on the east side of Channing Hall. If you are a stranger to the church building kindly ask any usher who will direct you to the Kindergarten Room. Your children will receive expert kindergarten training during the entire church service. All parents whether members of the church or not are invited to avail themselves of this opportunity. Please do not feel that your children prevent you from attending the services, bring them along.

## THE CHOIR

The choir has been rendering some beautiful anthems during the past month. Mr. Burton Lawrence has replaced Mr. Wilbur Held as the organist. Mr. Held who lives in Des Plaines found the long trip three times a week from his home and also the necessary hours of rehearsal on the church organ too much of a

strain and it was necessary for him to resign the organ. He made a lasting impression with his work and will be greatly missed by the choir, the church and the radio audience. Mr. Lawrence has changed his residence to one nearer the church and is rapidly winning the esteem of all by his music. The choir rehearses every Thursday evening in the church auditorium. Mr. Emerson Abernethy the director is anxious for more members. If you are a singer and would like to become a member of the choir kindly present yourself to Mr. Abernethy at any choir rehearsal. There is a children's choir which meets every Saturday morning. If you would like your children to receive the advantage of working with this choir kindly enroll them any Saturday morning. Mr. Abernethy may be reached through the church office. The choir now has an enrollment of over 80 voices. Your co-operation will be appreciated and well compensated.

## THE YOUNG PEOPLES CLUB

The Young Peoples Club of the church meets on the first and third Monday evenings of every month in Bradley Hall. Programs are presented of a diversified character and are designed to interest young people in the cultural values of life. Membership is open to all young people. The meetings are interesting and the programs combine the entertainment intellectual and social features.

A play was recently presented. One evening a month is devoted to an address by some interesting personality on some aspect of education, citizenship or science. The club heartily invites the young people of the church congregation and the radio audience to visit the club with a view of membership. The church office or Kenneth Ball the president will gladly give information concerning the club.

## A BARGAIN

The church season is about half gone. The days are rapidly passing. There are many who find that by the time they can arrive at the church service on Sunday mornings that the best seats are already taken. It is possible to reserve seats for the Sunday morning service only. These seats are held until five minutes before the choir processional and always assure you of the same seat at the Sunday morning service. The regular price for the entire season is only ten dollars but for the remainder of the church year you may make a reservation for five dollars payable at your convenience. Some of the largest Sunday morning services are yet to come. The Biographical series held during February always attract large congregations and then there is Mother's Day and Easter, when seats are at a premium. Why not reserve a seat for the rest of the season. Kindly call the church office Longbeach 6878 or write to the church secretary and reservations will be made. Remember you may pay for the seat as you find it possible and the price is only—five dollars.

## OUR CHURCH PAPER

The little magazine which you are now reading is the church paper of the Peoples Church of Chicago, 941 Lawrence Avenue. It is published every month during the entire year. For one dollar it is mailed anywhere on earth. Every friend, member and radio listener of the church is invited to become a subscriber. Each number contains a sermon delivered by Dr. Bradley from the pulpit of the church. Other articles are included which make the investment well worth the small amount of the subscription price. 12 sermons are mailed to you at a cost of less than ten cents each.

We are anxious to increase our

subscription list for every subscription directly benefits the church. All subscriptions above the cost of mailing go directly in to the treasury of the church and help with the expenses. No one connected with the magazine receives any remuneration whatsoever. The firms which advertize with us make the magazine possible. When opportunity affords kindly mention the fact to our advertisers that you saw their ad in our church paper. It will help. Kindly send one dollar to May H. Harrison, The Peoples Church, Chicago and let us put your name on our subscription list. It will be a wise investment.

## THE USHERS CLUB

The Ushers Club is composed of the fifty men who constitute the ushers staff of the church. They meet one evening a month to discuss their work and to spend a social evening together. It is a very live working organization of the church and does much to help the difficult task of taking care of our large congregations. They are at the church three times every week all during the winter season.

This fine expression of interest is deeply appreciated by the church and its pastor. On Monday evening, January 20th, they entertained the men of the church at a social evening in Channing Hall. Altho it was around zero the attendance was large and Channing Hall was well filled with men. Coach Lynn Waldorf of Northwestern University and Dr. Bradley spoke during the evening. Refreshments were served. This fine spirit of cooperation evidenced by the club is appreciated by the entire church. The membership to the club is open and any man of the church who can assist with the ushering is invited to membership. Any usher at any service will be glad to give information concerning the activities, duties and programs of the club.

## PASTOR'S CALENDAR

Preston Bradley kept the following engagements during the month of December:

1—Two sermons, The People's Church
2—Address, St. Stephens Church
2—Address, Young Peoples Club
3—Address, Covenant Club
3—Address, Junior Friends of Art
4—Address, Book Lectureship
4—Address, Lakeview Alumni Association
5—Address, Woman's Ideal Club
6—Address, Hirsch High School
8—Two Sermons, The People's Church
9—Meeting, State Normal Board
9—Meeting, Trustees, People's Church
9—Address, Congregational Ministers
10—Address, Northside Animal Shelter
11—Book Lecture, The People's Church
11—Address, Sinai Temple
12—Address, IWLA Minneapolis Minn.
13—Address, Olivet Institute Free Forum
15—Two Sermons, The People's Church
16—Address, Medinah Club
17—Address, Forty Club
18—Book Lecture, The People's Church
19—Address, Uptown Lions Club
19—Address, Friends of Literature
20—Address, Typographical Guild
22—Sermon, The People's Church
22—Annual Candlelight Service
23—Annual Candlelight Service Repeated
25—Sermon, The People's Church
26—Linden, Michigan
27—Linden, Michigan
29—Two Sermons, The People's Church
30—Address, Advertising Men's Post
31—Meeting, School Board, DeKalb, Illinois

## WEDDINGS

2—David C. Zimmerman and Geraldine E. Coleman
2—Frank J. Welton and Inez L. Spelbring
7—Solomon Henri Boese and Hazel M. Rice
14—Alphonse F. Jurame and Lydia L. Massier
20—Robert E. Rohmer and M. Dorothea Nelson
21—Leslie V. Barofsky and Josephine P. Ryan
21—John M. Bathum and Nellie E. Nestor
23—G. Gordon White and Beverly Smith.

## FUNERALS

2—Mr. J. R. Grosshauser, Interment, Eden
16—Mr. Frank Wallace, Interment, Acacia Park
20—Mr. VanFulton Ridgeway, Interment, Rosehill
21—Mr. Edward S. Hicks, Interment, Forest Home
28—Mrs. David Roberts, Waukesha, Wis.

## NEW MEMBERS

On the first Sunday of the New Year the church received the following new members:

Mr. and Mrs. Harold L. Amren, 7512 Peoria Street
Mr. and Mrs. B. G. Burswold, 1017 Winona Avenue
Mr. Marion Carpenter, 857 Windsor Avenue
Mrs. Sylvia M. Carter, 1310 Hunt Avenue
Mr. James Code, 2908 Eastwood Avenue
Miss Arline Cummings, 4844 Winthrop Avenue
Mr. J. A. Ericksen, 4837 Kenmore Avenue (from Austin M. E. Church)
Mrs. Hubert Gaensslen, 934 Lafayette Parkway
Miss Daisy Gillespie, 4727 Malden Street
Miss Margie Greenwald, 738 Aldine Avenue
Mr. and Mrs. Ralph W. Hayden, Tower Building, Rockford, Ill.
Mr. and Mrs. A. H. Hancox, Sheldrake Hotel
Mr. and Mrs. L. C. Haralson, 6145 S. Ada Street
Miss Alice R. Hopkins, 4442 Wilcox Street
Mrs. Ernest Janson, 1050 Cornelia Avenue
Mr. and Mrs. John Millar and Son Raymond, 815 East 47th Pl.
Mrs. Mary Plath, 4654 Kenmore Avenue
Mr. E. M. Prior, 4911 Winthrop Avenue
Mrs. C. H. Smith, 843 Galt Avenue (from North Shore Congregational Church)
Mr. and Mrs. George G. Smith, 5127 Drake Avenue (from Albany Park M. E. Church)
Mrs. Anne K. Smith, 5127 Drake Avenue (from Albany Park M. E. Church)
Mr. and Mrs. Oscar J. Smith, 1835 Juneway Terrace (from 1st Church of Christ Scientist of Evanston, Illinois)
Miss Madaline Thulin, 4447 North Rockwell Street
Mrs. June Wahl, Edgewater Beach Hotel
Mrs. W. E. Williams, 8019 Champlain Avenue
Miss Elizabeth Wismeyer, 4252 North Lincoln Street
Mrs. Norma Wismeyer, 4252 North Lincoln Street
Mr. Robert Crosswhite, Municipal Tubercular Sanitorium, Crawford and Bryn Mawr Avenues
Mrs. Sophia Frankenberg, Tower Building, Rockford, Illinois.

## CHRISTMAS IN CALIFORNIA

December 9th, 1935.

Clear blue sky, golden sunshine and balmy breezes. One can scarcely realize the yuletide season is near at hand without consulting the calendar or being an eye witness to the gala preparations being made on the thoroughfares throughout the cities and adjoining towns. Instead of the warmth of our be-

loved Christmas Holly, imagine one sitting under a poinsettia 10½ feet tall, bearing 75 blossoms, some of which measure 11 inches in diameter. It is interesting to note, as the blossoms appear on the plant, one by one the green leaves drop and nothing is left on the stems but the lovely red flower. Later the same plant is cut back to a height of 4 feet, only to show a taller growth the following season.

Many of the streets in the shopping districts of Los Angeles, are visions of beauty, with their rows of Christmas trees on either side, illuminated with thousands of colorful light. Santa Claus Lane (Hollywood Boulevard) was the scene of a pageant as early as November 30th, when the magic button was touched by the hand of Mary Pickford, thus transforming the busy thoroughfare into a holiday spirited shopping district, affording the people a whole month of pleasure and enjoyment of the lighting effects. In the absence of snow even on the mountaintops, some Christmas enthusiast has comouflaged the climate by covering gift boxes on street corners with soft white cotton, an imitation at least. No doubt it will retain its whiteness in such a clear, clean atmosphere,—no smoke, no near by factories.

The lights of Santa Monica Boulevard responded to the touch of the beloved little child star Shirley Temple. How can one miss the Christmas spirit with so much about as a reminder that the season of giving is at hand?

One of the most interesting of all is "The Street of the Christmas Trees." "During the last week of each year, thousands of persons journey from all parts of Southern California to view the impressive spectacle provided by the illumination of Altadena's mile long avenue of deodars, popularly known as "The Street of the Christmas Trees." The trees are majestic Himalayan cedars, grown from seed brought from the slopes of the Himalaya mountains in India, where the deodar is famed in song and story. its name signifying "Tree of God." There are about two hundred trees that were planted in 1885. For almost a mile they rear their proud heads on both sides of Santa Rosa Avenue in Altadena a beautiful residential suburb adjoining Pasadena, at the base of the lofty Sierra Madres, overlooking city and valley. This was once the main driveway on the 900 acre ranch of Col. J. J. Woodbury, a pioneer resident.

Beautiful enough at any time the deodars take on their greatest grandeur between Christmas eve and New Year's night when they glow with the brilliance of the thousands of colored electric lights.

The custom of lighting these trees was started in 1920 and sponsored by the Kiwanis Club of Pasadena and has been carried out every year since.

The deodars are one of the most beautiful of the varieties with their wide spreading branches at the base, reminding one of little girls curtsying.

Then, as a fitting climax to the festivities of the holiday season follows "The Rose Tournament" in Pasadena on New Year's Day. So many thousands come to view the pageant that the safest and best way to be assured of a place to view it is to make reservations at the hotel weeks ahead for a day previous thereby escaping the inconvenience of making way through the tremendous crowds. Many attend this spectacle each year, and those, who will see it for the first time this year are told they have a wonderful treat in store.

So this is Christmas in California.

* * * * *

The foregoing article was received from our dear friend and loyal member of the Church Miss Adelaide Thomason, who is en-

joying her happy opportunity of spending this winter in California. Her many friends here will appreciate this message from her.
(Editor.)

## THE WOMAN'S CLUB

The calendar for 1936 opened with a good beginning for the New Year. There was a business meeting at 11:00 a. m. Current Events discussed at 1:30, and at 2:30 Dr. Bradley spoke, his subject being "Denmark." The room was filled and there were twenty-five guests. At the close of the afternoon a Danish lady joined the club. The lecture was greatly enjoyed by everyone. Dr. Bradley told many interesting things about his several visits to Denmark.

January 13th, Mrs. Chas. L. Roberts, Chairman of the Department of Education of the Club presented a very interesting program with Mrs. H. C. Lamners, chairman of Education of Chicago and Cook County Federation, and Mrs. Davis, Educational Chairman of the Ninth District as speakers. Mr. Glenn Most, Baritone, gave the musical part of the program.

January 20th, is the date of the Musicale and Tea, to be given at the Edgewater Beach Hotel in the Michigan Room. This will be the mid-season affair and as usual a brilliant program has been planned. Mr. Robert Metzler as director, will present the Song Cycle "In a Persian Garden," with the artists: Elizabeth Kerr, soprano, Ulah Conor, contralto, Clyde Bassler, Tenor and George Nelson,, baritone.

Following the program High Tea will be served during the social hour. Mrs. O. C. Nylund, Chairman of the Department of Art will give a program on "Modern Art." January 27th, the last meeting of the month.


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